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# Thirteen

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ALAN SOLDOSKY

## THIRTEEN

Tell me why this hair grows out of my face,  
my stupid face with its big nose  
and volcanic skin breaking out in moon-size craters.  
Who asked me if I wanted all this fuzz  
above my lip where the skin is so shy  
it blinks at the razor?

And what about the tangled vines under my arms  
that mat with sweat. How I am supposed  
to hide those from the smooth-faced girls?  
And what should I do about the shaggy flower  
that blooms around my balls,  
or my secret risings and fallings?

It's difficult to conceive of myself as manly.  
A man is the growl under the hood of a car,  
or the snarling look of a semi  
coming toward you on a two-lane road.  
But I suppose, someday, I'll get barrel-chested  
and bald, and eat my steaks well-done always.

I guess when I'm older my eyebrows will  
bush together, like two explorers shaking hands  
on an iceberg at the top of the world,  
and hair will bristle out of my nostrils  
and swarm from my ear lobes  
like loose barbed-wire.